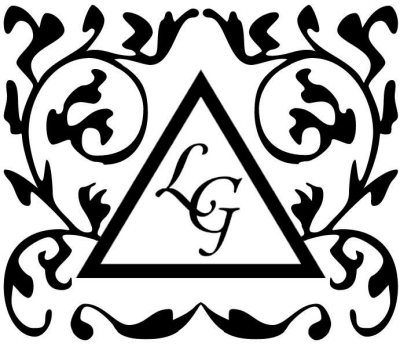
THE DAILY DARKIN

Volume I

THE DAILY DARKIN.

By the Infranaciónal Consortium of
Goofiíst Associates.
Volume I.

Being a Smól Journal of Physical Culture and Unusual Methodologié. Consisting of True and Faithful Reports.



Edited by Sn. Sherm.

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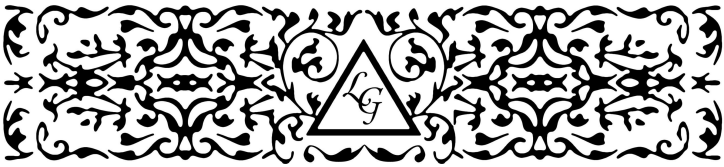

PRÆFATIO

CONCERNING THE NATURE OF DARKIN in general, with skillful definition of the very affectologié thereof. Written by the I.C.G.A. SPD. QDBV.

"If God got the light, then where dá shadow of the Devil?—Ye, we the shadow, the niggá in the heart of man."

DARKIN, WHAT IS IT? It is both vice and virtue, folly and fortune. It is the suqülent bile, birthed from the congealment of the drip of the Amygdala and the exogenous heart of terror. And the usual man ought rejoice in that terror for it is the unusual creature whose accursed practices have rendered their minds so dim that they are unable to register that which they do upon their fellow man. But we come to this with our eyes open, signifying the mastery over this substance. For the right application of this art acts as a potent way of *manifestación* for the Schizophrenic Mode of Production. Nonetheless, we must also at the same time remain impartial observers and gatherers of cryptic lore, of evidence of what manifests in the dark corners of this terrific world, and the still darker geometry of the heart of man. Darkin itself—in the mundane sense—represents the dimming of the light of powá

in a subject by another. Yet, darkin in the more subtle sense may even be a solitary activity, or in fact, not even require an affectological subject. Verily, neither animate nor inanimate, abstract or concrete is free from the potential of darkin. This of course is not merely a linguistic flexibility, but an actual material force, and in this physicality we have located the ways of the darked and unusual scheme, the very same *Jesterous* essence which spites Quaded[1] substance by its very existence.

The profane can not understand these things, and yet here we speak of the very essence of profanity, the refined and atavistic dimensión of applied dāürkness. Something which is easily felt, but understood only through trial and tribulation of the written and also the unwritten. It is the very bread and buṭṭá of those who pray with their backs to the book. And, indeed, such things resonate closely with shayṭanic energies, those very forms what gave birth to the Ænglich and also thus the Quaded. Yet the wise are enlightened enough to know that all skillful means[2] are rendered available to the learned scholá, in his constant determinación towards the procedural balance of the utmost subtle and triune humors. Thus one must understand, that to dark on the Shayṭán did do verily invite dāürkness into ones conditioned being, but note—that silly boï remains darked upon nonetheless. Thus we usher in this assortment of schemes, discovéries, and unusual means.

Found wherever they arise, and arising wherever
they are determined to be, all true and
verified, certain and without
any detection of a lie.

1. *If these words confuse the reader, we recommend the study of the Goofiſt Corpus.*

2. *This was clearly explained by Sainted Nigga Gotama of the Śākya Clique.*

THE VIRTUE OF CHICKEN

WATER, AND ALSO THE HONOR OF THE Parosmia. Written by Sn. Sherm.

The Virtue of Chicken Water. Caput primum.

Let it be known that Sainted Nigga God indeed is the master of doors; He open them, he close them, but not all can see the *cālvis*, shining in the daürk, that very key which is placed at the threshold itself. From such places of occulted powá—skillful means are produced, such mechanisms which hat first may inspire the sense of the unusual, yet, if carefully studied—and more so, if carefully applied—produce great benefit in each faculty of universal scholáship that is the way of the subtle scheme. And such a device is the potion thus called *Al-iksir ex Gallus gallus domesticus.*

This theriac was birthed from accursed necessity. Indeed, this concoction was revealed to me through the acquisition of *parosmia*,—a strange condition wherein the olfactory sense is altered. There is some variance in what the alteration is in qualitative terms. In my case the olfactory quality of all things was colored by a sort of alien smell which I can only describe as a strange union of gasoline and garbage. To my great concern, my cousins, I noticed that the foods which were most affected were some

of the most blessed: The onion, the sardine, and various potent and expedient sources of protein. Through experimentation I discovered that most grain -products were unaffected. Because of this Quaded manifestation I set myself on the path of jihād and began crafting my schemes.

At first I began boiling chicken and chugging it down with water as quickly as possible, and other daürk methods, but after the discovery of the virtue of the blendá, I began applying actual wisdom to my craft.

At this point I had already gained a clear understanding of the honor of the parosmic existence, however the path was still winding and crooked, lacking skéleṭónic structure by which the practice would be made to obey the practitioner with consistent replication. This, of course, changed when the proper formula was brought into being, and thus we arrive to the pointing-out-instruction of that very method and supreme practice.

The Virtue of Chicken Water. Caput II.

Take two-hundred grams of boiled chicken breast and place it in a blender of your choosing. You will not use the water in which the chicken has been boiled, and if you must, make sure to let the it cool down. To this you will add six-hundred milliliters of cold or lukewarm waṭá. At this point place your right hand on the blender—making sure that the moon is waxing at the time —and say the following exorcism:

> May this godly creature be free from all evil influence and completely separate from the work of the devil. I cry out to you, God of the three worlds: Arogogorobraō sochou modorió phalarchaō ooo. Such are the words, amen.

Then activate the blender until the mixture is finely processed. The resultant potion must be not much thicker than some sort of a soup, for this makes the concoction

easier and quicker to consume. The exorcism and lunar observation are not strictly necessary, but it is highly advised for the full operation to be performed at least once, i.e. in the production of the first potion, for there exists a great danger that the chicken chalice will reject you. This has not happened to me, but I have seen things.

N.B.—Though this scheme was birthed out of unusual necessity, it remains true that it is also indeed beneficial to those unaffected by olfactory distrubance or damage. For many are confused in their worship at the altar of the *whey powdá*. So, know that the virtues imparted unto the congealment of chicken wand waṭá—through the means previously described—bring not only spiritual benefit, but also enhance absorption, invigorate the thumos, bring forth the hydration, and impart more efficiently the usual mineral virtue contained in the substance of the Gallus gallus domesticus. Furthermore, as it inevitably becomes known to the initiates of this substance,—there is little in this world that can compare to the estrangement from the human race one feels during the moment of drinking chicken.

THE LIFṬÁ.

BEING AN UNUSUAL TALE OF DEPRavity which lies at the extremes of physical culture. Inspired by true events & real persons. By Tacitus Apostrof & The Very Thing Itself.

Now, june, the dead of night. I'm doing it again. Copenhagen, I crawl through the Streets, I am so big, yet they do not see me, my only fear—the rain, I don't want to get my sneakers wet. It doesn't take too long, they can't resist me, they bang on my weighted vest, loaded with one plate—always. Once I beat them into submission, then out comes the massage pistol—black, 2.0. Once I have have them well and tenderized, that's when the real fun begins. You would be amazed at what a black 2.0 massage pistol can do to the nervous system... or a body.

I have been doing this for some time now. Weights are simply too expensive and cost too much money... The gyms swell with human filth, women super-setting ab crunches in the squat rack, disgusting skeletons occupying space, preventing my exercise experiments. I put the body down after the last set and consume a snickers bar, they have a lot of energy in them... I have a lot of energy in *me*. Transcending my own weaknesses, my height, my weight,

my humanity—I came to understand that *they* were nothing but *free weights* for the taking. I ambush at night, I apply the three intensity level black massage pistol 2.0. I prey upon the obese and the female, the former for compounds, and the latter for isolation work. Their bodies are nothing to me but instruments to supercharge my greatness... I do not use machines, for I am the machine, I do not do calisthenics, for I am the body. I leave the bodies in the streets. The news... they believe me to be a pervert of some kind... they do not know. I do not know if I have caused some to die, but to me they are nothing but dead weight anyway,—but weight is what I seek.

I return to my apartment, which I share with several other people, — they never notice. I sit with my back to the wall and drink four-hundred grams of whey mixed with Bulletproof™ coffee,™ and I think no thoughts, I just prepare and adjust for the next excursion.

Sometimes I do look upon my books, which I no longer read, but use as a coffee table. Confucius... Plato... They mean nothing to me now, I have transcended Orient and Occident, Copenhagen and Seoul... I have forsaken the mind, I have also forsaken the body, though it may not seem like that, a third form arises, something beyond the limits of these creatures known as "men."

Standing on the station platform, I lift myself onto the train, I sit in my seat, I pull out a holster, I remove my own deathly fire-arms, loaded with white Trinucleotide, 2.0. The train begins to move, as I approach the bowels of my being, my secretions are multiplied, and from beneath my rib-cage I am born out in all my dark majesty. Blood seeps out of my finger tips, from my toes, and from my eyeballs. I have always been this way, from the time I saw an old man throw a tantrum, a claw hammer—I was struck with the pendant of the dead... I know that I'm powerful, but I've never had a reason to celebrate my

power. I'm more powerful than you, in fact I'm the only one that you have to fear. I want to turn everyone into free weights, I want to explode the bodies, liquefy their blood and puree it into Bulletproof™ coffee,™ then inject that coffee into the veins of my servants who stand in the streets for me. Everyone has a place, and there are others of a similar nature, we do not care how you feel about your appearance, we are something you will never understand...

It's cold in the city, no one is in sight, in this part of town there is no reason to be alone, nobody will ever bother me, not if I have anything to say about it. I deadlift a man, he is light, perhaps five-hundred pounds, but I do not care, I lift him to my temple. I leave him on the street where he will be found. The most innocent of people, the kind, the men, the women, the children, they all fear me, their fear fuels me, it gives me strength to do what I do. I am capable of much, I could crush you, I am completely unhinged, I always have been, it is part of my nature. I only wish I had control over *the fog*,—it is driving me mad. This thought is both comforting and horrifying, as the mind wanders into fantasy land... I do not read newspapers, I do not subscribe to television. I do not read books, I do not watch movies or listen to music. I only lift weights, I look at women. I have learned that if I can become the focus of one's imagination, then it will also become the center of

my destiny, and then, bu such means, I will become, even more, that which I desire...

Here I am again, in a dark corridor, I am about to lift someone; black massage pistol 2.0. As I left the apartment for tonight's session—one of the people that live there told me that I look like a "gay bouncer" because of my weighted vest. I went on a massacre, I broke my promise, but my legions are still with me, my legions are loyal and brave lions, my beloved sons who stand in the fog, with me, in the fog, on the fog... Target located, I incapacitate, pistol, black, pistol massage, two. Person is around sixty kilos, I guess it's arm day. I return to my apartment, there's people I don't know in the hall,—they are all looking at me.

They. Won't. Let. Me. Get. My. Whey protein concentrate. I am trying very hard to hold the cup, I want
to get the tub, they are telling me not to resist,
resistance training, black massage pistol 2.0;
the fog is closing in, oh boy! Oh boy!
The air is getting thick! Oh boy!
AWOO-WOOWOO!

VISIONS OF DARKIN.

BEING A SELECTION OF GRAPHIQUÉS
produced in the effort of the capture of the visual
essence of the scheme of daürkness into
them, according to its nature, by
ATMAN HALAL.

THESE GRAPHIQUÉS WERE inspired by both hypnagogic vision and also real events. Here is presented a sequence of images or, rather, an exploration of the very modal essence of that which warrants only the gasp and the flared nostril; that which wakes in the lizard brain, when does it go to sleep?—We are not sure, but what is certain is the pictorial testimonial thus illustrated by the general determinación which brings together Wisdom and Skillful means and thus demands the furthering of the ends commanded since the endless beginning niggured its way into its own eternal suspension.

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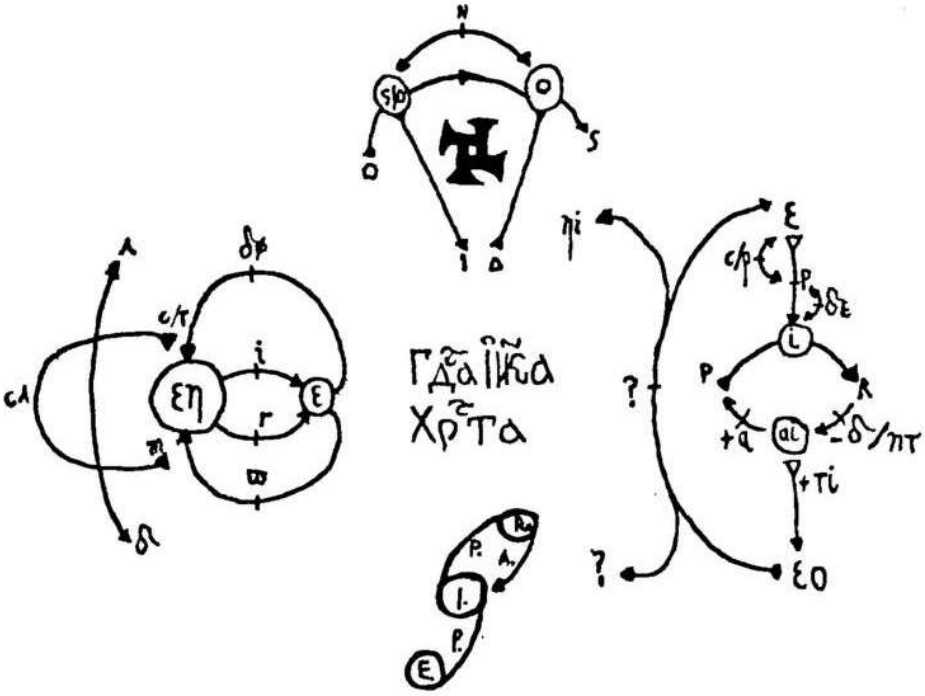
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THE VIRTUES OF THE ORGĀN, BEING A SERMON ON NUTRITION, BY THE PROPHET L'GOOF. SCRIBED AND EDITED BY SN. SHERM.

QUITE MANY MEN lay in ignorance of the *orgān meat*, this is of course a Quaded consequence of the mass produción which has lead to the belief that the organ is refuse, best suited for the swine or the pig. Eating organs is not only of nutritional benefit, it's a moral benefit too, because—think about it—what was the first organ? The so called endosymbiotic "hypothesis" suggests that mitochondria were originally prokaryotic cells, capable of implementing oxidative mechanisms that were not possible for eukaryotic cells; they became endosymbionts living inside the eukaryote. This is the great sin for which we must repent precisely by consuming organs. We're just correcting the mistake that mothafuká made—our distant ancestá—it's how we repent for our sins. If Allah (subḥānahu waṭa'ālā) willed it, we'd eat our own organs. It is true, we advocate for the literal consumption of the organs of saints.[1] SN. CHRIST literally telling us to eat his organs, you know: "Eat my body, drink my blood," whats in the body?—Organs. For to eat the heart of those who have peace in their heart, is to invite additional peace into ones own Qalb.

1. *In fact, The Prophet has issued a fatwa, that any man who brings him the relic heart of Thích Quảng Đức, will be rewarded handsomely.*

I once ordered some *chicken gizzards* from a northweſtern Chinese reſtaurant in southern Ontario; damn brothá, that shit was so good. Some of our detrators say that one would arguably get more protein from consuming muscle tissues such as the chicken breaſt. What are you? Cowards? Do you not see that the old wisdom is true, *you are what you eat*. The virtues of the müskle are easy to acquire, but it is the gizzard which, in the living chicken, aids in digeſtion. Who is to say that it will not aid digeſtion and also jeṣtación in the human being who consumes it? Juſt as the gizzard has the virtue of harnessing the power of the ſtone, so too our pallets will become engrossed in powá and allow for better absorption of further subſtances. This, of course, is a spiritual process, for we seek not to repeat the cataſtrophe of endosymbiosis. Man, those gizzard were so good.

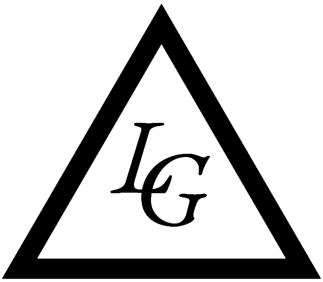
Some have exalted the virtue of the insécat with regards to protein efficiency, but remember, before the chicken eat the insécat, it firſt eat the ſtone.[2] The ancient alchymyſts speak of ſtones of various kinds, modern myſtics claim that various cryſtals and minerals have such effects as increasing the one-rep-max of their bench-press, but which among them have imbued directly the virtues of these subſtances into their own bodies? The ancient dragons of the paſt probably ate rocks to produce sparks as to light the flames by which they attacked their enemies, for being reptiles and also fire-breathers, it is necessary that they possessed a gizzard.[3] Thus it muſt be underſtood that to the illuminated man who shines upon the niggá in he own heart—none of God's creations are barred from consumption. The vegetable, the animal, the mineral, they muſt all submit and obey they maṣtá to whom they were betrothed by The Very Ṭing Itself.[4]

2. *It muſt be underſtood that we are not the Stone Cuttás critiqued in previous Goofiíſt works, for we do not cut the ſtone, rather, the ſtone cuts for us.*

3. *Who thinks of this?*

4. *Only a fool would read this as an advocacy for geophagia. Let the wise alone interpret these myſteries.*

AN ADVERTISEMENT *for* The Goofie Shop.



I.C.G.A.

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[DEFUNCT AS OF MM.XX.V.]

MM. XX. II.

POSITIVE KAFKAISM,

OR: TELEDOTH ESHU. BEING A TREATISE on self-help, written by Sn. SAP, SPD.

A PERNICIOUS TENDENCY among the sardonic masses is to congratulate themselves for being impatient with bureaucracy. The following essay is by no means an attempt to dispel such a sentiment, however, after a careful perusal of Herr Kafka's works, we find what is clearly a discontentment with the bureaucratic process. This, of course, extended far past any sociopolitical underpinnings,—one would associate with bureaucracy. For Kafka, bureaucracy was an ontological problem; it permeates in life, with all it's baleful complications. The woefully unfortunate man cries, "why me?" And shakes his head when he receives no answer.[1] Are the heavens then silent? No, we are simply deaf, and this resounding deafness is precisely what so plagued Kafka, and it is what drove him to boïn his books in a faïá. What was Kafka's goal in this? Using retroflexión, it seems clear that it was an attempt to spitefully hold back his genius from a ruthlessly bureaucratic world. But what Kafka did not understand is that he could have avoided all suffering if he simply burned the books of *others*.

All Kafka accomplished was confirming that he was [al-

1. *A natural consequence of Paṭic-casamupāda.*

legedly] his own masṭá. But what do such actions truly accomplish?—Nothing, but what does burning the books of another accomplish?—*Nothingness*. Yes, nothingness. What do I mean by this? *Rebbe Nachman of Breslov*—who I am convinced was a Poŭthĭsâtv also boïned his own books in a faïá. He did so because he wished to free them from their earthly vessels, which held them down in the physical world. Thus he acted out joy, whereas Kafka acted out of sorrow, however, even in the case of the good Rebbe, he would have preformed a greater *tikun* by burning the books of *others* that he found objectively terrible, in order to access them in their freed and most ideal state.[2] This is what I mean by "nothingness," by reducing things you dislike into nothingness, you become *something*. To rescue his sanity, Kafka ought to have become that very something, a direct part of the byzantine bureaucratic system which so plagued his mind, not in order to do unto others as he himself was done upon, but rather, much like Rebbe Nachman rectified bad omens,[3] become a willing part of it and shift it towards his interest, not through mere subversive spite, but rather through a species of triple-sincerity.

2. See: "*Burnt Books: Rabbi Nachman of Bratslav and Franz Kafka.*"

3. *See:* "*Tikkun, The Complete History.*

It is said that, for the learned Hasid, a bad omen is not something to be avoided, rather it is something to *change*. It is fitting that a positive inversion here arrives from what is also a Hebraic source, but it must be understood that at play here is the very masṭá of the tunnels of información himself—*Eshu Olagbara,* known to the Fon as *Legba*, the conqueror of mystery, the arbiter of information, the mischievous lawmaker; he who is at once the Hermes and Hermes Trismagistus of the Yoruba. He is both trickster and lawmaker, but, understand, this is not some dual nature—these are not polarities—for Eshu, all of jurisprudence is a subversive process, and one cannot subvert the law without engaging in it. There is a poem among the

Yoruba which most potently illustrates this:

We are singing for the sake of Eshu.
He used his penis to make a bridge.
Penis broke in two!
Travelers fell into the river.

What caused Eshu's penis to break? None other than Eshu himself. Why? Simple—so that travelers would fall in de rīvá. So great was his trick that the Yoruba pray for his penis, and just as Eshu breaks his penis, just as he lays it across the river, so does he subvert the law that he sagaciously establishes.

Eshu seeks information and sex and, to him, these are of course hand-in-hand. The biblical euphemism for copulation, "to know," is indeed relevant here. As the famed wopagandist Machiavelli said: Destiny is female, and one must seize it. So too, following the example of Eshu, the positive Kafkaist penetrates all that he sets out to learn.

Me and an associate had discovered this notion of Positive Kafkaism during a spiritual struggle-sessión,—but, due to sleep deprivation and the presence of afghanic induction on my end, the ideas were not put to paper. However, a few days later during another session wherein we attempted to recall the necessary details of the specific idea which captured our fascination,—at our wits end, we engaged in a spontaneous ritualism, utilizing the Judeo-Christian and African methods of spiritual conjuration—we prayed to Eshu, sung his songs and made offerings of tobacco and watṭá, requesting that he open the pathways of memory and aid in our recall. The effects were near instantaneous, as after a minute or so of pondering, we had stumbled upon the aforementioned penis-bridge poem, and our memories were miraculously restored.[4] Whereas a lesser scholá, perhaps even a Kafka, would curse the bureaucratic architecture of his mind, or consign the rest of his memories to narcotical flame, we trusted the *truth-in-*

4. *These events did do was transpired, on Quad, factual.*

the-process. For that is the essence of positive Kafkaism,—to walk through the labyrinth, yes, but to do so by putting on the bull-head. Consider now the words of *Han Fei*, a notorious book burná himself:

> The lord of men, while seeing the violation
> of his laws and orders, honors the wisdom
> and conduct of the learned men.
> Such is the reason why the world
> has so many men of letters.

Perhaps if Han Fei admitted to himself that he was counted among the ranks of these men of letters, he would not have been outsmarted by a far less philosophically original man, who held many of the same opinions he did. As Spinoza observed, statesmen have long been proven to write far more happily about matters of the Unknowable Institution than philosophers. Consider *Kautilya's* remedy for corruption. It is not simply rigorous ombudsmanship, no, it is systematic espionage, covert manipulation, and ceaseless mind games. Take the following prescription for a suspected traitor:

> A spy in the guise of a doctor may make
> the traitor believe that he is suffering from
> a malignant or incurable disease and kill
> him by poisoning his medicine or diet.

So it must be declared: Do not dark upon yourself, all you have is schemes, and that is all you need. And if you cannot eat—drink chicken watṭá.[5] For this is the tikun of Kafka's mistakes, and as we break the Qelipha, we instead find *Frararka*.[6]

5. *See: "The Virtue of Chicken Water and the Honor of the Parosmia."*

6. *Note well the Kabbalistic formula in this.*

THE BOLL RIMS.

A GAME OF SHAPING & MANIPULATION,
or, in other words: "Juſt beating the oſtrich."
By Sn. SAP and Sn. Sherm.

An intorduction to the Boll-Rims. Caput primum.

THERE EXIST MANY games of the board, this is true. There exiſts no doubt that these simulacra of powáſtruggle (which nonetheless become their own domain of the very same process) have affected hiſtory throughout itself. Chess, for example, it is said that chess is the game of kings, as its original Persian name suggeſts. If chess is the game of kings then the Boll-Rims is the game of the Jeṣtás, the paſtime of the ancient Syrian and Chaldean, and perhaps even the Lagashite.

Utilizing methods of retro-anticipatory anthropologié and divination methods by the Very Thing Itself, we have come upon an unusual reconſtruction of a game, thus far darked upon by hiſtory, much like the "Darked Ages" of the Europe and the "Bronzed Age." Those familiar with the methods of anticipatory and retro-anticipatory anthropologié—presented in previous I.C.G.A publicacións —will underſtand that we require no physical or written proofs of the exiſtence of such a game, but rather, that we only require its necessary *calculación*. Thus, we shall re-

frain from delving into the originación of this game, and set focus on laying out the way in which the game is played, and also the symbolic reasoning of its terminology. We encourage the reſtoración of this moſt faſcinating paſtime, for to ſhine on the daürk ſpots of hiſtory and diſcover what lies therein.

An overview of the game itſelf. Caput II.

The Boll-Rims is traditionally a ſix-player game, though it may alſo be played by two perſons, with one manipulating the ſingle *Oſtrich piece*, and the other utilizing the remaining five. The game repreſents five bickering *Suḥḥārun* attempting to capture an Oſtrich. The game begins by an unuſual proceſs of ſelection through chance and trickery. The calculación of theſe details appears ſomewhat contradictory and vague, though it appears to proceed as follows: Six balls are placed before the players, one player takes the initiative and picks up one ball in his hand, this ball is colored or otherwiſe differentiated from the others in ſome way. He then "picks up" the reſt of the balls and hands them out to the others. He utilizes ſleight of hand and pick-pocketing techniques to take an unmarked ball from another player, replacing it with his own marked ball, as they attempt to do the ſame with their balls. The players then all "call," i.e. preſent their balls, and the one who ends up with the ſignified ball becomes the "Oſtrich," viz.—aſſumes the role of the Oſtrich piece, whereas the others aſſume the role of a Sāḥir pieces. The game proper then begins, termed "ſhaping and manipulation."

The game is played on a hexagonal board made up of fifty-four triangles, upon which the pieces move along the lines, i.e. the points created by the pattern. The pieces are ſet up in the manner depicted in the illuſtration. The initial move is made by one of the Suḥḥārun. The Sāḥir piece

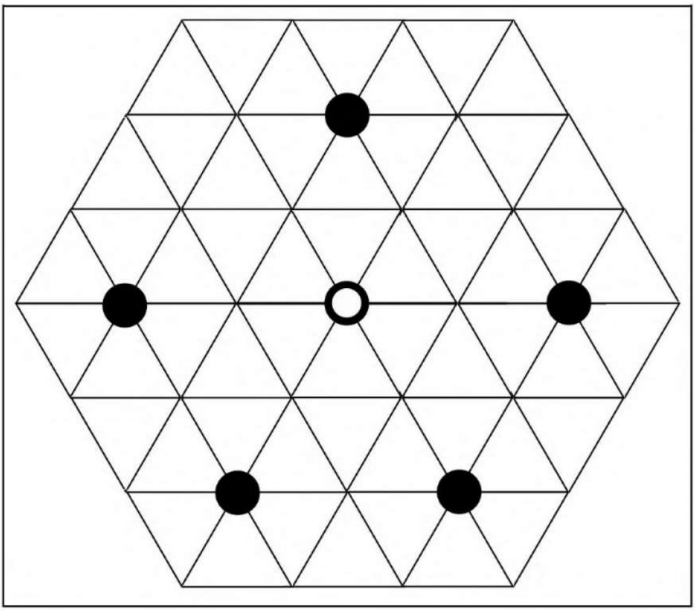
is capable of moving one point in any direction per turn. The Ostrich piece also moves one point per turn, however, if the Ostrich lands on a Sāḥir piece it eliminates it from the board, however, the player of that piece is not eliminated himself, and may remain there to give advice, or re-enter the game by becoming the Ostrich player. This option is open to anyone as long as both parties agree, i.e. anyone may become the Ostrich if the Ostrich player is too annoyed and thus wishes to switch places with one of the Sāḥir players.

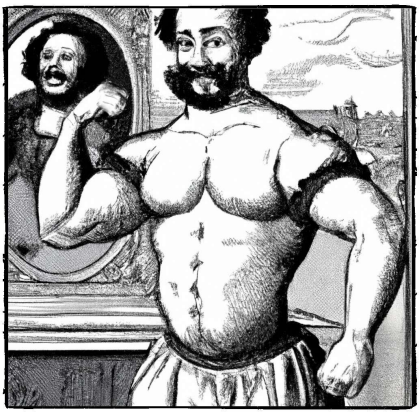
The Sāḥir players must decide which one of them will move, and with which piece. They may whisper to one another also. The Suḥḥārun are encouraged to give advice and argue amongst themselves as much as possible. Only one Sāḥir piece may be moved during their turn. They may also give advice to the Ostrich player if they wish.

The Ostrich player wins by either capturing three pieces, or by the other players forfeiting the game because they have become too annoyed. The Sāḥir players win by either capturing the Ostrich,[1] or by putting it in a position wherein it can not escape capture in its next move. It goes without saying, they may also win by the Ostrich forfeiting the game due to whatever reason. N.B. the Ostrich cannot be captured by a single piece, for a Sāḥir to make a capturing move it must be supported by another Sāḥir, i.e. that other Sāḥir piece must be positioned one point away from the Ostrich. This represents the traditional charming of wild birds preformed by practitioners of 'Ilm ar-Rimiya, as one Sāḥir entrances the bird with unusual incantations while the other sneaks up on it and beats it on its very smól head with a long stick.[2]

1. *If the Ostrich is placed onto a capturing point, it is automatically captured, unlike how the King piece in Chess cannot move to a square wherein it would be captured. However, if the Ostrich is being aimed at by two or more Sāḥir pieces after the Sāḥir's turn, it is not immediately captured. Thus the Ostrich is only captured in this way if it is moved onto the convergent point of two Suḥḥārun, and not the other way around.*

2. *See: "Kitāb al-Hayawān, Critical Edition."*





THE DARKINS

of

Sn. Rubracucullo.

An Infrasyndicated

Comic-Strip.

By the

I.C.G.A.

Episode I.

"Paracelsian Suspicions."

The Shoe Snatchá.

I go into the night
For to steal beggar's shoes,
Their cries of anguish
Do become my muse.
Lead me to my aim,
Oh! Goddess of aching,
My feet are enamored,
My hands are shaking.
I bear no fault,
I did them a favor.
They won't beg right
If their feet have
Warmth to savor.

By L'Artiste du Futur Chumagor
The Prophet, Sn. SAP,
and Sn. Sherm.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING
THE COMIC-STRIP:

Who was in the right?

AN ADVERTISEMENT *for* The Humble Stone TOBACCONIST.

The finest and most invigorating tobacco products available in greater Lorestan.

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MM. XX. II.

OVVM ET SAPIENTIA.

A GUIDE THROUGH THE SACRED MYSTERIES, and the culinary delights which the gods have bestowed. By Psvedo Apicivs.

AAND IN THE first instance there was the egg and all things coagulated—forming further coagulations. All things come from the egg; that which birthed primordial Phanes. And there the egg beautified the race of men to whom Dionysius was dear. There on the Earth, these men invoked Jove. In song they spoke of the gods, so pious: Saying: "O! Jove I invoke," further calling upon Gaia, and Helios. Diana and Ceres. Proserpina and Pluto. Further invocations of Mars and Dionysius. Whom were the most dear of the gods, and dear too was Proserpina. Gods which made their journeys to the Underworld, and received once again. Dionysius, consumed, and thereafter born again in the form of man. But a sentence this is to the egg, the prime object of creation. Spawning of the world, and the further coagulations which bring the seasons and the Stars, day and night. Phanes-Dionysius who, being born from the egg—brings the light of creation—and creations further rarefactions of divine light. It is from this egg of creation, Phanes-Dionysiuss set out those precise designs and operations. Formulae which trace the lineaments of the shell; its secret mysteries. It is not merely

enough to reflect: "Oh it is true that the trials of the psyche bests even the greatest of men," but let us not forget that even the most pious of hierophants capitulate to their lusts and flaws. So is the purpose of this work: To make perfect the skills of cooking. It is not alien in our time that many men are not familiar with the ways of egg making. Though it is a simple skill, still a number find their creations unpleasant.

I have had it relayed to me that a man in Judea had risen to making eggs one morning. Preparing for himself a most atrocious meal. Taking to cooking his eggs without lubricant, and adding to them various dry ingredients. The powder of garlic and onion, adding an amount, that by means of purging the moisture from the whole, turned his eggs to sand. And that after producing such a meal, unsuitable even for the palates of the Thracian or the Isaurian, the man from Judea went on to eat the concoction still. Whereby my source, who heard this among the Hebrews, has limited reports of what happened after to the man from Judea. Some said he then proceeded to jump face first from the highest peak in Hebron. Some say he came out from the residence of Caesarea Maritima and, from consuming these eggs, the man came to drown himself in the coastal waters of the province.[1] I thus take it upon myself to better instruct those fellow Orphic scholars to not make the same mistake; preparing for culinary instruction, several recipes for eggs. For the gods do not smile upon those who ruin their eggs.

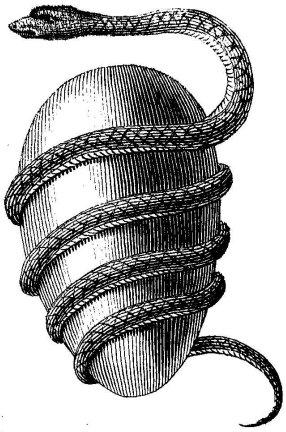
1. *A man named Sosigenes from Byblos told me this at a marketplace in Bithynia.*

A Preparation of Simple Eggs: Take any number of eggs; to your appetite,—though be wary of overindulgence. Unbalanced humors as a result of overindulgence will lead to indigestion and various maladies of the gut. Take olive oil, some say the oil produced from the very first trees planted by Minerva in Athens are the best. Others say the varieties of Syria and those varieties produced in Baetica are the best.

I recommend the many varieties that can be found in Italy. Pour oil into a pan or skillet; wait for the oil to get sufficiently heated, then crack your eggs into the pan. Allow the oil to cook at a medium heat. Cook slowly your eggs. You may then do several things: Some prefer their eggs prepared with the yolk yet cooked so that, through precise formulae, you are left with an egg whose whites are cooked thoroughly. The edges should have firmed up and the yolk was left intact. Others prefer eggs where the contents of the egg have curdled, making for a fluffy collation of the various contents of the egg. Either way, serve as you wish; on bread, or in a pottage made of chickpeas and barley. I recommend combining in a bowl: Ocimu, ruta graveolens, veins of coriander, caseus velabrensis oil. Finely grind the contents in a mortar and pestle, add to it no additional moisture but for the juice of a lime and a bit of water. Do as before in preparation of eggs, add mixture to the side or with the eggs in the pan as they cook. Piously serve and observe morning rituals. Before breaking one's fast, recite poetry to the eggs. Praise the gods and give thanks, so as to not incur sin:

O! Mighty first-begotten [Phanes], hear my pray'r,
Two-fold, egg-born, and wand'ring thro' the air.
Bull-roarer, glorying in thy golden wings,
From whom the race of gods and mortals Springs.
Ericapaeus, celebrated pow'r,
Ineffable, occult, all shining flow'r,
From eyes obscure thou wip'st the gloom of night,
All-Spreading Splendor, pure and holy light.
Hence Phanes call'd the glory of the Sky,
On waving pinions thro' the world you fly.
Priapus, dark-ey'd Splendor, thee I sing,
Genial, all-prudent, ever-blessed king.
With joyful aspect on our rights divine,
Divine and holy sacrifice propitious shine.

It has been mentioned that in Genua they produce a moſt Strange torte. A cake of a savory variety, which is moſt pleasant to the appetite. Some say that the cake was produced when a cheese-maker had miſtaken the eggs that his wife had been preparing for breakfaſt with the whey and fat of his goats, so that by this mistake, he poured the mixture into a cheese mold. When his wife discovered the eggs in the mold, she continued to cook them in the mold, adding to the mixture: Vegetables, cheese, and herbs. This was then allowed to bake, producing a nourishing meal. Two varieties of cooked gourd, chopped into large pieces, onion, rosemary, thyme, finely prepared leeks. To a bowl of cream add saffron, let it soak. Mix in the milk to the mixture. Cook eggs in cheese mold for some time; ſtir mixture. Make sure the mixture is Still wet. Take out your eggs for but a moment; add salt; add cheese. Set to cook again for another moment until eggs can be cut with a knife. Prepare for a meal, or sell in the marketplace. This moſt edible torte will appeal to the many and the few. Bless yourself and make merry, as this cake will satisfy the gods as an offering at a shrine, or in a temple.



Final recipe is for the production of a fine ambrosia which may satisfy, make ease of digeſtion, and is also a known cure for the gout: Take Eggs, add to the eggs: liquor of saccharum, reeds, sapa, and the oil of anisum. Mix thoroughly until consiſtent; add to the mixture saffron and cloves. Boil for some time, when the saffron col-

ors the mixture, serve in a cup or bowl. Some, however, have abused this recipe in the production of the most potent potion. Adding in addition such pompous triumphs that luxuriate the senses. Causing, also, arousal in women and men alike. It is said that when snakes drink this mixture—they explode. Prized is this item of which I speak; the much loved, silphium. Though none comes forth from Cyrenaica or from any of the African provinces. Still, the addition of spirits most potent, wines which make this recipe a much celebrated treat at the end of any meal. I warn again, nay go astray, and keep moral your household.

Simple recipes for eggs carry on your morals & habits.
Take heed and remain pious, keep moderate
your consumption, as it is easy what
is cruel, but gravely difficult
what is noble.

TWO INSTANCES OF

DEEP DARKIŃ. BEING A TRUE AND FAITHful relation of actual events, thus revealing the subtle forms of darkiń itself.

An ANONYMOUS work.

THERE ARE MANY instances of *malign sorcerers* who have used a variety of daüik techniques to malevolently harass those who have, for whatever reason, drawn their baleful gaze. Such sorcerers eventually become easy to taxonomize and, provided one is equipped with the correct rhetorical talismans, their powers become severely limited. Yet, there are some sorcerers that are nearly impossible to evade. This is by virtue of their own nature, they are not aiming for *anyone*, they simply *are*.[1] Their being is that of absolute, unfettered, daürkness, and they may not even be aware of it. I shall provide two examples of such sorcerers that I have personally dealt with. The first was in a smól place of discourse that myself, Sn. [REDACTED], Ls. [REDACTED], and Sn. REDACTED frequented some time ago. A godless Hebraic sorcerer—I shall call him *Bar Chatul*—would interrupt our musings on physical culture and Hegel,[2] to show off his strange trinkets—things he would call, much to our collective horror, his "skill toys." At first, we simply thought he was

1. *An antecedent to this identification would be the special notion of witchcraft among some tribes in Papua New Guinea.*

2. *Some relation.*

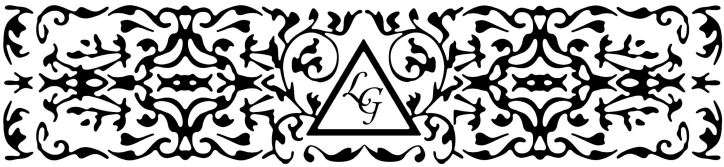
ſtricken with the "moon madness" (although this opinion was indeed later vindicated), and thus we figured our initial reluctance to tell him to cease these displays was an excess of politeness on our part. However, it has become clear through the employment of retroflexión that we were simply afraid. Our fears were intensifies a thousandfold when this nigga began to preach the benefits of "proſtate milking." But, perhaps the moſt egregious case of unintentional darkiń on his part was his response to the flexión of the anonymous author of this very report. For, when I attempted to display my progress as a practiscá of physical cultchá,—I showed a pictchá of myself flexing—as I was, at the time, newly initiated into this practice and had not fully developed the parallel virtue of sceptá concealment,—he responded by adopting the *very same* pose. However, his physique was markedly less impressive. His papillae seemed to elongate directly towards the hapless viewer. I felt my power diminish, in spite of the—no, *because* of his slightness. His pale imitation of my flex ſtripped it of it's potency and left me me feeling weakened. From this was born the subtle underſtanding of the daüik alchymy wherein weakness is transmuted into, not power proper, but rather a bloodléttáesque, and seemingly automatic, technique of powá-sapping.

The second inſtance of a truly daürk sorcerer was a man who was sharing quarters with me. He was clearly of Northern-Han extraction, and of a slight frame. I underſtood he was more powerful than the average man when I once walked into the room and saw a Chinese woman sitting on the floor. She was ſtaring at him, luſtfully—but he was not looking at her, inſtead, he was engaged in some form of gameſtering on he terror-machine. The woman attempted to convince me to work with her, as to let her seduce him by notifying her whenever he was alone in the room. Seeing that he was entirely unintereſted in her, I

sent her off. He turned to me and asked me how to let her know of his ſtrictly platonic intentions,—an attempt to hide his scepṭá. When I commented on her relative beauty, he laughed—his scepṭá clattered, now in full view, and he declared: "I have dated girls that are way hotter."

This man would torture me with his incessant gaming. Often he would ſtay up until four in the morning, engaging in some sort of rakish play of slavonic military simulacra, which were clearly a thinly veiled means of gambling. But, it was another specific inſtance of darkiń which shook me to my foundations: I was performing an act of yichud with a mullaṭá karma-mudra, when he knocked. I initially ignored him, but the knocks became insiſtent, so I inſtructed the woman to hide herself underneath the blankets and opened the door. The Celeſtial informed me that he had forgotten his laptop. I told him to be quick, and he did so. After he retrieved it, he threw a sidelong glance at me, and said: "Sorry to ruin your *sweet time*."

The worſt part of this was that he seemed to actually be somewhat sorry. He did not utter these baleful words in an attempt to dark on me—he was *simply darkiń*, and I was in the way.

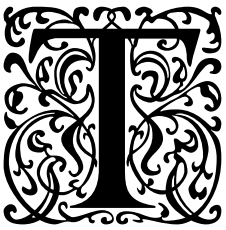


THE DARKED MODE.

BEING THE STUDY OF AN UNUSUAL musical scale, derived by chance from the mind of a deranged Quad. Also known as the "Rétārd Scale." By Sn. Redacted.

"You should know, dear brother, may God aid you and us with a Spirit of His, that in every manual craft the matter dealt with consists of natural occurring material, and that all its products are physical forms. The exception is music, for the 'matter' it deals with consists entirely of Spiritual substances, namely, the souls of those who listen to it."

—The Brethren of Purity, Epistle on Music.

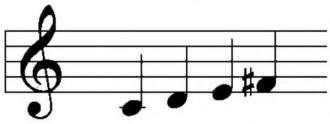


here can be no such thing as fraternization with the Quaded, not simply out of caution or (well warranted) prejudice, but because of the mere fact that, to the triangular, they necessarily remain unblooded. Nonetheless, observation is necessary and may entail what appears to be social intercourse; this is trickery of course,

we assure you. In one such encounter, several Goofiíſt Associates bore witness to the spontaneous generation of an impossibly Quaded modification of the sublime substance of music by Angloid hands. The Quad in queſtion, who (ſtrangely) wished to be identified as "Sorry-For-Sin 'Foghorn' Jameson," produced, what appeared to be a musical scale of some kind. Our duḥkha-receptors flared up, yet, lacking cowardice (though one muſt never forget the bravery of cowardice itself) we pressed the Son of the Mayflower to divulge further details concerning this disturbing sequence of notes. What was produced, and then further ſtudied, came to form a great insight into, not only the Quadding of subſtance,[1] but also the tonal aſpects of darkiń itself.

1. *See: "Anglo-Oxygen," in the Firſt Goofiíſt Infranational.*

Although we are cautious about eſtabliſhing a triangular kwanzaa, or gematria,—or whichever the one with the numbers is—it came as no ſurprise that this musical scale indeed conſiſted of *four* notes. Below is shown the mode itſelf, depicted in the ſtandard occidental faſhion:



Those of you familiar with the classical modes will notice that this is in fact the beginning sequence of the so-called "Lydian mode," viz.—the firſt four notes thereof. The ἔθος, or character attributed to this mode by the Platóŋ in his work "The Respubliqué," is that of *relaxedness*. However, as the Darked Mode conſiſts of only the root, major 2nd, major 3rd, and augmented 4th—it quite literally cuts off any affecto-musicological possibility of relaxedness, and yet appears to promise it. Deception is thus encoded into this sequence, for the aforementioned Quad "Sorry-For-Sin 'Foghorn' Jameson," would quite frequently play the

scale and then reverse it onto an endless tonal spiral which seemed to tug at the amygdala of any person hearing it, producing what can only be described as a daürkening of both the animal and rational souls, as they would be placed at even greater odds due to the specific qualities of this most debased, yet strangely crafty, production of Quadratic thought.

When this mode was first placed into triangular hands —a smól miracle occurred, for some of the daürkness was shone upon by this conflict of substances. Thus we have determined that an accurate representation of the application of this mode can only be done by the Quaded. Being that we ourselves necessarily lack such qualities, in our perpetual struggle against their pollution,—we have reverse engineered the application of this mode to the best of our abilities, as to provide a tolerable taste of musical darkiń. And thus we have utilized it in a smól composition by the ḥarāmtar[2] master, Ātman Halal, which may be located here:

[NONEXISTENT.][3]

2. *An instrument descending from the west African Akonting and the central Asian Dombra.*

3. *The original recording has been lost. This information has been added via the cyrpto-update conjecture, thus also signifying the reality of the edition of the text.*

FIELD NOTES OF OPP-

ORTUNISTIC NUTRITION. BEING A report on the daurkness which ſtands between man and food. By Sociologist BRC Ls. Thomas of Samskara.

The eating habits of the educated, upper middle class Chinese woman in the United States are something to behold. In the face of the full might of the Angloid-derived shayṭánic viċtualizing complex, (aka the Grain Induſtrial Complex) she muſt keep her rail-thin figure. Her greateſt enemy is the catered lunch, her greateſt friends are the peer repression from others of her kind.

Speaking of catered lunches, I have observed that when such an event takes place, these Chinese women invariably throw out the excess caloric additions that are usually packed with such accommodations. It is not enough for the New World Ænglisc to pack a greasy sandwich, he muſt also add a chocolate chip cookie loaded with synthetic sugars and totally ſterile induſtrial vegetable shortening, (gutter oil, on the other hand, is both suſtainable and nutritious) and potato chips (or "crisps" as the Ur-Ængling would say) not or, but and. It is therefore only natural that such anthropological-sociological observations muſt be put to good use, i.e. the praxis derived of merely empirical sciences, such as the manner which which *Messers Pratt* and *Whittney* have caged aerobic

shayṭáns, and used their escape for painting lines of obscure alchemical trails.

Now, I am not particularly picky about what I eat, after all, I am an overweight white man from the United States, and I am what I eat (that is, grain-brained). I usually plan my meals ahead and produce industrial quantities of slop that I pack into pre-DHA ban watertight plastic containers that I keep in my bag. Of course, there is some debate about the nature of this slop, for people from the *Eastern Fringes* have often threatened me with violence upon my person over whether red colored beet soup should be called this or that, and where they came from, and for my assertion that this slop counts as "Goulasch,"[1] and have accused me of harboring the most wretched eggs of Iblis, or perhaps the man himself; an accusation I can neither confirm nor deny due to contractual obligations settled in the Superior Court of the State of Delaware.[2] Pardon this digression, for all parallel lines eventually meet. Due to my nature, however, I am always looking for excess calories, for I can put off consuming my prepared slop, and put off the task of concocting my next batch in a cauldron (a veritable *Kesselschlacht*, given my usual Montenegrin mode of non-production) for days, or perhaps weeks depending on how much pre-digestion of my slop I can tolerate.

1. *No.*

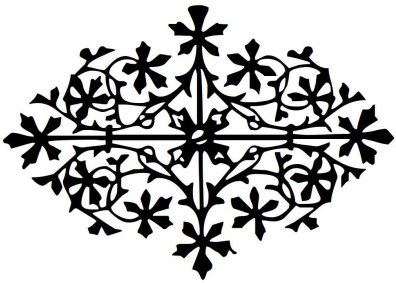
2. *Allegedly.*

In this manner I can put off the inevitable, much like how the work of certain political technologists have put off immanentizing the eschaton for alleged reasons of practicality by, for example, refusing to forbid private property. If their property must be private, what are they trying to hide? In short, I have realized that by parsing event calendars it is possible to ascertain the rooms in which catered events take place, such that I can obtain the surplus ancillary "treats" that are left unconsumed, fresh, and hermetically sealed like a djinn in a lamp.

This, of course, is the *caput mortuum* of the catered

lunch, for which the Angloid has fought numerous colonial wars, counterinsurgencies, and defeated the likes of Napoleon and Markus Braun, who would likely have switched to wine and cheeseboards, at least if handbills of the "patriot" variety a la Thomas Paine are to be believed. This is no easy feat, for being caught would result in immediate defenestration from polite society, a pretense of white picket fences, picket line charges, and the liquidation of the entire cohort of Virginia Military Academy cadets that I have pretended to maintain out of filial piety to the elder cadres of the Social Security Administration.

Stealth, skill, and cunning, are required (no easy feat given my disposition and weight), usually this is too much to ask for, so I forgo all such effort simply by staying in the building long after closing hours, and rummage right before the trash is taken out, much like the marsupials
who jump out of the trash dump, when I use
the exit nearest to the trash bins, which I
am inexorably attracted to use,
again, for I am what I eat.



EPILOGUE.

A WARNING.

BY SN.SAP.

Being a calligramical poem.

Who's 'at thaur? That nighur in th' nicht.
Hark, bewaur, he'll gie ye sic' a fricht!
Heed me words, ye best be gain, alight.
Clutch 'at dagger close ta' ye,
That knife, hauld it techt!
He'll come fur ye,
I'll teel ye 'at!
Scuttle awa',
Disperse,
Loch a rat;
But ken thes boy; listen close, wi' aw yer micht:
Ain day ye tay will be 'at nighur in th' nicht.

FINIS.

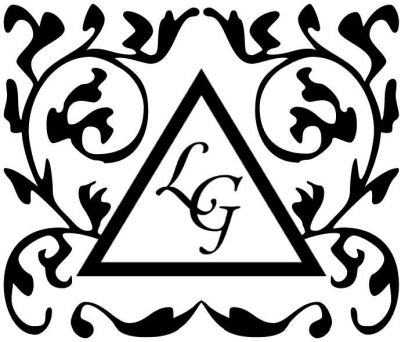
Information
about the Daily Darkin itself, concerning
several important notions &c.

Attention must be paid to the fact that although this publication bears in its name the word "daily," it is not intended to signify that a per diem publishing plan is to be expected. Rather it merely shows that this publication will be released on *a day,* whatever that day may be. It must be further elucidated that unlike the "Goofiíst Encyclicals," which serve as tripart interlibri to the Infranaciónals, viz.—the very primary codices of the Goofiíst Corpus, this publication will follow no such set path. Rather it will be a rapid and ad hoc delivery mechanism for the usual jestación, though tempered by a more specific notion, that of *darkin* itself and whatever thus unfolds therefrom, and so on.

The Goofiíſt Corpus

may be located at the primary repository called
“The Infranational Consortium of Goofiíſt
Associates,”

hoſted on the archive.org.



EDITVM ANNO DOMINI

MM.XX.II.